Aaron in the Wild Woods.

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

XII WHAT THE PATROLLERS SAW AND HEARD.

The reheine which Auran had conceived and which be proposed to carry out without delay was bold, yet very simple-sim ple, that is to say, from his point of view. It came into his mind at the garden gate, and fashioned itself as he went whisting to the horselos in full view of George Clossett

He swing impoself over the fence and nucle directly for Timoleon's stable. The Black Stallion heard some one fumbling a and breathed hard through about til. his nostrue, making a low, fluitering sound as high-spirited horses do when they are suspicious of angry. It was a fair warning to any and all who might dare to open the

door and enter that stable, "Sof" sold Anron, "that is the welcon you give to all who may come to make you

mfortable." At the sound of that voice Timoleon sported cheerfully and whinnied, saying Change places with me, Son of Ben Ali, and then see who will warn all-comers Why, the on has better treatment, and the plough notic is pumpered. What am I that my food should be thrown at n through the cracks? The man that fed

me comes no more. "He is where your teeth and your temper put him, Grandson of Abdallah. Hot there is to be a change. This night you go to your new home, where everything it fresh and clean and constortable. And you are to learn to hold a bit in your mouth and a man on your back, as Abdallah before you did."

That is nothing Son of Ben All. Then I can gallop and smell the fresh air from What man am I to carry, Sor of Hen Alig"

"Let the White-Haired Master settle that, Grandson of Abdallab. This night, before you go to your new house, you are to have a run with me."

Timpleon smorted with delight. He was ready, and more than ready. Re was suffi and more from standing in the stable.

But testere we start, Grandson of Ab dallab, this must be said. No noise before I give the word; some of the load screen ing that men call whickering. You know You are to have a frohe, and a fine one, but before you begin it wait

With his hand on the borse's withers Annon Enided Timoleon to the gate. The went through the lot ru which the Black Stallion's new stable stood, out at the gate through which Easter John and Sweetes Susan mide years afterward, and into the Innethatied to the public road. But instead of going toward the road they followed the innetwok into the plantation cutil they canst to what was called the "double gates." Going through these, they found themselve in the posture that sloped gradually upward to the hill from which Anron was in the watering the light in Little Crock

hoofs of the Elack Stallion hardly made a round on the soft turf. Guided by Agron, he ascended the fall until they were one level with and not far from the fence on which Mr. Gosnett, his son George and Jir Simmens had carried on their controversy about Addison Abercrombie. Here Auro brought Timpleon to a halt, while Rambler went to ward to see what discovery becould

He soon found where the horses of the patrollers were stationed. There were five. Three had evidently been trained to stand without tying," as the saying is while one of the patrollers was sittl against a tree holding the other two. All this Earabler knew, for he went so near that thousers there are blim and buyled a pine burr It was a harmless enough to saile but it had not left Ramblerin a good bunser. Then it was that Assen spoke to the horse and gave him the word.

manage yender. Give them a taste of you playfolners. Show them what a field is but cover your teeth with your light-no blood tonight Spare the Lorses They have gone hungry for hours, but they mus obey the bit. Spare the man, too, but if you can srip him of his can as he flees, well and good. You will see other men com-They will be filled with fear Give them also a taste of your playfulness Let them see the Grandson of Abdallah when he is frolicsome. But mind. No blood tonight-no broken bones."

The situation promised to be so exciting that Timeleon sported loudly and frecely whereupon one of the borses held by the werroller answered with a questioning of the bridle rein by the man who held it The man was dozing under the influence of Mr. Fullaleve's low wines, and the sudden neighing of the Lorse startled and irritated

But in the twinkling of an eye, terror took the place of irritation, for the Black Etallion, pretending to bimself that the neigh was a challenge, acceamed fiercely in reply and went charging upon the group with open mouth and eyes that glow-In the dark. The borses knew well what that scream meant. Those that were no held by the patroller ran away panic stricken, snorting, and whickering. Thetwo that were held by the natroller cared not) ing for bits now, but broke away from the man, after dragging him several yards for he had the reins wrapped about his

wrists, and Joined the others. They dragged the man right in the Black Stallion's path, and there left blue strug gling to his bands and knees, with his righ arm so severely wrenched that he coul hardly use it. But, fortunately for the patroller, Timoleon's eyes were keen, and he saw the man in time to leap over him screaming wildly as he did so. The ma fell over on his side at that instant. Glanc ing upward, he saw the huge bulk of the borse flying over him, and his reason nearly left him. Was it really a horse, or w. it that arch flend Beskebab that he had rend about in the books, and whose nam he had beard thundered from the pulgiat the camp meeting? "Beelzebuble abrone in the land today," the preacher had cried

Was it indeed true?
The Black Stallien drove the crazed horses before him bither and yonder, but always turning them back to the point where they and been standing. The stampeds wa presently joined by three or four mules that had been turned in the pasture. The patrollers, who had been watching and guarding the approaches to the Abercrombie place, came running to see what the trou ble was. GeorgeGossettbeingfurtherawa from the pasture than the rest, was the last to reach the scene, but he arrived soon enough to see the Black Stallion selze of componions by the coat tails and literally strip him of the garment.

The torror-stricken borses, when they found an apportunity, rantoward the double gates where they had enlared the pasture Anron, expecting this, had opened the gates, and the five horses, crowding or one another's heels, went through like a which wind, having left the mules far behind Auron closed the gates again and wentrum ping where he heard the Black Stallion still plunging about. By this time themules were but Timeless had paid no attention to them He could have caught and killed them ove

and over again. He was now in pursuit of the patrollers. George Gossett, running toward the fence, tripped and fell, and, narrowly escaped the Black Stallion's hoofs. He was not far from the fence when he fell, and he rolled and scrambled and crawled fast enough to clude Timoleon, who turned and ran at him again. In one way and an other all the patrollers escaped with their lives, and once the fence was between them and the sporting demon, they made haste to visit Mr Follalove's stillhouse and relate to him the story of their marvelous adventure, consoling themselves, mean

white, with copious draughts of the warm low wines. I believe the thing had wings," said one of the patrollers, "and if I didn't see smoke coming out of his mouth when he ran at me, I'm mighty much mistaken. I never hall behave it wasn't Beelzebub." This was the man who had been setupen so sud denty while watching the horses and dozing. Some of the others were inclined to agree with this view of the case, but George Gossett

was sure it was a horse.
"I was right at him," he said, "when he pulled off Monk's cost, and it was a horse even to the mane and tail. I was looking at im when be turned and made for me. Then I tripped and fell, and just did get to the

fence in time to save my neck."
"You hear that, don't you, Mr. Folla love" remarked the man who had been bolding the hurses. "It pulled Monk's coat off, and then Gossett just had time to get to the fence to save his neck! Why, it's as natchul as pig tracks. Every hoss you meet tries to pull your coat off, and you have to run fer a fence if you want to say your neck. That's Gossett's idee. If that thing was a hoss, I don't want to see n more besses. I'll tell you that."

"Well," said Mr. Fullalove, "there are times and occasions-more espesiblly occasions, as you might say-when a hos night take a notion for to cut un some such rippit as that. You take that blace tota of Col. Abercrombie-not a fortnight ago he got out of his pen and ketched a nigger and liked to 'a' killed bim."

Maybe it's that same hoss in the field

youder," suggested George Gossett.
"No," replied Mr. Fullalove. "That hoss is penged up so he can't git out of his stable much less the let- if so be sum in ala't took and gone and turned him out an ed him to the field. And if that had 'a been done you could 'a' heard him squealin very foot of the way."

If anybody wants to call the Old Boy hoss," said the man who had been first tincked, "they are more than welcon "Boys," remarked Mr. Fullslove, "if any of you have got the idee that the Old Bo was after you you'd better stay as for from this stillhouse as you can, and try to act as if you had souls for to save

What have you done with your hos "We couldn't tote 'em, and so we had to eave 'em," Grasett answered, making a oor effort to laugh. "What I have about it s that I took a fool notion and rode pap's orse tenight. He'll be hot as pepper.

"Aln't you going for to make effort to git your hosses out of the field? asked Mr. Fullalovs.

"He can have my hoss and welcon od the man who insisted on the Beetze

"I womide't go in that field, not for forty orses," another patroller protested. "I might go there for forty horses," said George Gossett, "but I'll not go back for one, even though it's pap's."

Well, its mighty quiet and serene up there now," suggested Mr. Fullalove, ising with his hand to his ear.

"He's caught 'em and now he's skinning sald the man who believed Beeizebub was abroad that night. The patrollers stayed at the stillhouse

gotil the low wines gave them courage and then they went home with George Gos-ett. They were bold enough to go by the double gates, to see if they had been pened, but the gates were closed tight. They listened a few moments, but not a ing cry of the penfowl that rested on the Abercrombie tionse. As they went along the road they found and caught four of the horses. The horse that George Gos-sett had ridden was safe at home.

The young men agreed on one thing, namely, that they would give the Abercrombie place the gu-by for some time to had seen Beelzebub said that he was sick of the whole business and would have no more of it, being more firmly convinced than ever that the scenes they had wit-nessed were supernatural. Even George Gossett declared that he intended to advise "pap" to sell the runaway, "if he could find anybody fool enough to buy

It must not be forgotten that though Gos estt and his companions were the only once that witnessed the terrifying spectacle presented by the Black Stallion as he ran screaning about the pasture, they were not the only ones that heard the uproat that accompanied it. The negroes heard it and every car was bent to listen. Randall had his hand raised over his head and held it there as he paused to catch the drift and meaning of the fuss. Big Sai was reaching in a corner for her frying pan. She paused, half bent, her arm reaching out, while she listened. Turit was singing, but the song was suddenly

Mr. Abercrombie heardit, but his thoughts were far afield, and so be paid little attention to it. The geese, the guinea nens and the peafowl heard it and joined eartily in with a loud and lusty chorus. Manuny Lucy heard it, and came noise lessly to the library door and looked in

"What is the noise about, Lucy"" ingired Mr. Abercrombie.

Dat what I wanter know, Marster. It oun' ter me like dat ar hoss done go

Then the White-Haired Master, suddealy remembering that he had consented for Little Crotchett's "friend" to remove the Black Stallion to his new quarters, re gretted that he had been so heedless. was all his own fault, he thought, as he rose hastily and went out into the moon-light bareheaded. He called Randall and

Turin, and both came running "Go out to the pasture there, and see

what the trouble is." "Yasser, yasser," they cried, and both went rapidly toward the field. They ran until they got out of sight of their master and then they paused to listen. They started again, but not so swiftly as be

"I know mighty well dat Marster don't want us for run up dar where we might get

hurted," said Turin.
"Dat he don't," exclaimed Randall. oled by this view of the case, which was indeed the correct one, they moved slower and slower as they came close to the pastere fence. There they stopped and ned, and while they listened the up roar came to a sudden end-to such sadden end that Randall remarked under

his breath that it was like putting out a candle. For a few brief seconds not a Then they heard a faint noise of some one running through the bushes in the direction of the stillhouse.

"Ef I could get de notion in my head dat Marster don't keer whedder we gits hurted er no," suggested Turin, "I'd mount | New York Times.

dis fence an' go in dar an' see who beer

"I speck we better not go," said Ran-dall, "kase of we wuz ter rush in dar an

git mangled, Marster sholy feel mighty bad, an fer one, I don't want ter be de

By this time Mr. Abercromble had be

come impatient and concluded to find ou

the cause of the uproar for himself. Ran

dall and Turin heard him coming, and

they could see that he was accompanied

by some of the negroes, The two cau

tiously climbed the feace and went over

into the field, moving slowly and holding

themselves in readiness for instant flight. A cowbug, flying blindly, struck Turin

on the head. He tunned as if he had heard

the report of a gun, and cried out in a

out. Marster comin", and he got his hose pistol 'long wid 'lim."

"Who flung dat rock? You better watch

"Twan't nothing but a bug," said

"It de fust bug what ever raised a knot

"What was the trouble, Randall?" in

uired Mr. Abercrombie from the fence

His cool, decisive voice restored the cour-

Whatsomever de racket wuz, it stop, suh,

time we got here, an' it seem like we kin

hear sump'n er somebody runnin' to'rds de branch over yander," replied Randall

Some of the mules were in the pasture

"Yasser," responded Randall, but his tone was not so hearty. Nevertheless, be

and Turin cautiously followed the line of the fence until they found the mules

in the corner where they had taken refuge. And the nucles showed that they were very

glad to see the negroes, following them back to the point where the path crosses

the feace.
"De mules all safe an' soun', suh," ex-

plained Randell when they came to where

the master was. "Dever safe an' soun',

"What do you suppose the trouble was?" inquired Mr. Abercrombie.

dea, but Susy's Sam declared that he

heard "dat ar hoss a-squealin"."
"What horse!" impaired Mr Abercroute

Turin and Randall had not the least

"Dat ar Sir Moleon hoss, sub," re-

"That's what Lucy said," remarked Mr.

"Marster, ef dat ar huss had er been in

ind Mr. Abercrombie shook his head. He

emembered that he had given Little

Cratchest permission to have the horse emoved to his new quarters.

"Some of you boys see if he is in his stable," he said.

They all went rouning, and before Mr

He nin't dur, Master!" they exclaimed in

Again they all went running, Mr. Aber

what disturbed nevertheless. And again

they came running to meet him, crying out

'Yasser! yasser! He in dar, an' catin'

"See if the key is in the lock," said Mr.

Randall can back to the stable, and pres

ently called out:
"Dey ain't no key in de lock, Marster."

Mr. Abercromble pansed as if to consider the matter, and during that pause, he and

Look on the Little Master's montel-

The voice sounded foint and far away.

ont every word was clear and distinct "Where did the voice come from?" asked

be air above or the carth beneath or from

"Ask where the key is," said Mr. Aber-

When Mr. Abercromble went back to the

Little Crotchett's room. Shading the can-

(To be continued.)

AMERICA 100 YEARS AGO.

Every gentleman wore a queue and pow

A gentieman bowing to a lady always

All the population of a village assembled

t the inn on "post day" to hear the news

The church collection was taken in a

ag at the end of a pole with a bell at-

Imprisonment for debt was a common

tached to arguse sleepy contributors.

craped his fost on the ground.

The negroes shook their heads.

pondie following more leistedy.

See if he is in his new stable," said

Abercrouble could get there, though is walked fast, he met them all coming back

but dey er swycatin' niightily, suh

We des tryin' fer ter fin' out, suh

n my head," Turin declared.

ge of the negroes at once

today. See if they are safe "

tone of alarm:

beartily.

chorus.

Mr. Abererombie

voice saying

Mr. Abercromtile.

roused.

dered his hair.

sed as a prison.

inde cocked hats.

Infted States

of the Poets" cost \$15.

was fined four shillings

population of the country.

between New York and Poston

The Mississippi Valley was not so

known as the heart of Africa now is.

A day laborer received two shilling

A horseman who galloped on a city street

any point of the compass.

'casion er makin' 'im feel bad.'

CHILDISH FEARS AND NOTIONS

to Them-Devil's Darning Needles. Explanation of Thunder Storms. Beloing the Birds-Cream Regarded With Susplcion.

Everything being strange to him city. touch of a green leaf, or dodge with supe nequivocal language, his belief that yo

At the Seaside Home, at the west end of Coney Island, where a number of chilaren are cared for during vacations of a fortnight or sometimes a month by the Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor, notes have been made by those who have the children in charge of some of the queer comments by the city bred youngsters. Nearly all the children are from the tenement districts, and have never seen anything more cot fied than Central Park or Jones' Wood and the real country around the home is

"I never knew there was a place as bigas with poboay living in it," said one little girl, indicating the stretch of grass land beyond the home "Inda't nobody

"To a lover of nature it is a constant dar me an' Turin wouldn't er stayed in dar long, an' desc yer mules wouldn't source of pain, "says the head of the Natural History Department in her report," to note er been stan'in' in de fence corner up yander," and aversion with which they children of the streets regard both plantand intects. I was fairly besteged with 'Are these poison?' 'Will it kill me if I eat this? 'If you touch that you'll die,

cross," in a very exhaustive sense. befait an inexperienced wanderer in this

"How foolish to make a nest right here! it'll getatepped on and broken. But I guess they know some things after all. They Randall and Turin and Susy's Sam beard a put their nest where there's lots of stuff to eat. Right here is where the picules

a bee suggested an improvement on nature of her own invention. This was that the insect should sting from in front instead

the big stragon files, or devil's darning neciles, which, for all their savageness combine to Turin. His curiosity was ong other Insects, for they are the of the world, are quite harmiers to hu-Turin orled out "Heyo, dar! Whar you manity, being able neither to litte nor sting, although they make threstening sny de key is?" But no reply came, not even so much as a whisper. The negroes motions when captured it is not eply that the fear of these swift flyers ebme he put on his slippers and crept to The prevailing impression was that the devil's darping accide was so dle he carried, the father saw that his son called because it sewed up the ears of bad little children. Time after time the And on the mantel was the key of the classes of explorers would scatter with shricks as a big dragon fly bazzed past them. A teacher, having flattered herself that she had eradicated the fear of these nsects from the mind of one of the larger boys, was far from edified upon bearing his correction of a small girl, who held

firm faith in the popular dotion. "You didn't never see nothedy's ears sewed up, did you?" was his argument. "No, but I've seen them bugs twist their alls around all ready to do it," she as-

erted, stoutly. "Ah-h-h! That wasn't to sew your ears

What was it, then?"

explain something about its structure to the children, and heard one of them ex-Two stage coaches bore all the travel laim under his breath:

"Why not, Conny?" asked the instruc-

There was not a public library in the devil's brend. "And what is devil's bread?" Books were very expensive. "The Lives

If you pick them things the devils'll come

Crockery plates were objected to because they dulled the knives. A man who jeered at the preacher or riticised the scrinon was fined in Ireland." Dry goods were designated as "men's stuffs' or "women's stuffs

Six days were required for a journey between New York and Boston. Many of the streets were not named and the houses were not numbered. The parquet of a theater was called the

Stoves were unknown. All cooking was

ione before an open fireplace.

pit, and was filled with the rabble. The whipping post and pillory were still tanding in New York and Boston Three-fourths of the books in everylibrary me from beyond the Atlantic.

Twenty days were required for a letter to o from New York to Charleston by land.
A New England girl was not allowed to arry until she could bake a loaf of bread and cut it in smooth, even slices while it as still warm. When a Virginian started on a journey to New York he made his will and hade fare

well to his friends as though he never experted to see them again. When a man had enough tea he placed is spoon across his cup to indicate that he wanted no more.

The favorite novels of the "worldly" oung women were "Victoria," Julia Mandeville," and "Malvern Dole." Dances in Philadelphia were given every two weeks, but young men under twenty and girls under eighteen were not ad

At the Christmas quilting parties games fastionable, with kiss

ingenuity, though some may be distortions of folk lore or of omens in the witch books which the East Side women read with halfincredulous awe. One of the things which the instructors at the Seaside Home dis-

covered was the disposition on the part of the children to adduce theories to explain

backward, one small scientist discovered.

because they have eyes in their talls, and flatter themselves that they are progress-

ing straight ahead. The air bladder of the common seaweed was regarded by

another lovestigator as the regular diet of

the sea creatures, and bitter were his dis-appointment and resentment because the

sand crabs refused to regard it in the light of an edible, and hastily dug holes

of retreat in the sand when it was pre-sented for their consideration. It was

commonly agreed that tides are caused by the autics of huge animals far out in "the

is usually designated. Thunder was va-

rain tryin' to get out," "clouds bunkin

fore, although she had seen lightning

This was explained by the fact that she

lived next to a metal foundry and had sup-

posed that to be the origin of all big noises

Another tiny maiden mildly expressed the opinion that the thunder came "be-

cause I been bad," which is reminiscent of the remark made, when the storm

burst, by the alarmed and deprecatory Jew

whose hunger had got the better of his

orthodoxy. "All this fuss over a little

Considerable mystery surrounds the dis-

covery by a little Italian girlt in the light-ning kills all the spiders, the most plausible

guess being that of one of her playmates,

awful scared of lightnin', too, an' I gueso

the specimens were alive only because

seeing the storm coming, they had climbe

That was a functiful idea of one of the

youngsters that the sand spiders, who live

in sik-lined pits of their own architecture, are guardians of buried treasure.

rippled girl, who had learned that this

hading it with her hands, she was heard

Why don't you wake up? It's late. Nov

m helping you, and it sall oce and shady

Not far from the house a jobins' best with

eggs in it was discovered, and some of the

ogs were with difficulty restrained from

proprietary interest in the bousehold in the

ee, and watched putiently for the egg

hatch. One day an instructor found the

ng and scolding at a small toy, who sat

"Where's your, but, Johnny?" he asked. "Up there," said Johnny, pointing up at

"What is it doing up there? Haven't !

old you that you mustn't disturb the

They must get territay ured settin' up there

day to watch for the cavernous-mostle

The initching was taken as a subject for

practical lesson in one of the classes. None

the little girls in this class knew the

origin of chickens except that they came

Ever have eggs!" asked the teacher.

Yes, but if the eggs are kept, what be-

This was a poser for a time. Then

"I know. They get broke and-oh, phew?"

That lesson had to be begun at the other

end. Most of the comparisons of the slum

children are wrong end to. A plum was

regarded as very beautiful, and "just like

the color of a lady's breastpin." This was

fr n a cash girl in an east side department

store. A street arab discovered that the

discovery made by one of the girls that

enthusiastically approved by the others.

In the matter of the commonest arbide

was taken to see potatoes dug one of the

"I know a petate ain't a root, but why

Milk was an accepted fact without

known origin to most of them. "It's made at the stores," was the usual reply

to a question about it. A little girl said

she had once seen a cow driven through

her street, and was much amazed to know

"Do they have to kill the cow?" she

Another severely criticised cattle prof

learning that they are grass. It wasn't

a nice thing, at all, she declared; but, for the life of her, she couldn't tell why.

Cream on the milk was regarded with

great suspicion. Butter was made from

salt, one child said, while another h

Doorknob!

end. As near as I can come to it his

name is doorknob."
"Doorknob," repeated one of the others

"There is no composer whose name sounds anything like that. I'll go over a few

that milk came from cows.

bright ten-year-old piped up, closing her

Well, what becomes of the eggs?"

We get 'em They're swind g

se with an expressive gesture:

the nest, where his round hat was securely

pair of roisus in a funtile condition, chirp

natiess on the ground under the to

cobling it. Presently they began to tak

flower unfolds when the sun is stoke

ly on time, was taken in charge by

Wake up, lazy thing, wake up!"

to rememstrate with it

birds?

pretty quick."

from the murket.

ges of them."

boys remarked

"Yessum:

who explained:

less it kills the spiders."

usiv described as "God's anger," "the

natural phenomena. Sand crabs go

New York Street Waifs at the Coney Island Seaside Home.

Everything Strange and Bewildering

In the country the city boy is fully as great a "Rube" as the country boy is in the he regards the most harmless objects with suspicion and fear, and information of the commonplace kind suggests itself to him as a probable hoax. He who passes fearessly through the perils of the crowded city streets will shrink back in alarm from the fluous agility a burnished butterfly flitting past him. Tell him that potatoes grow underground, or that bees live in hives of their own building and he will probably intimate, if he doesn't state in are lying to him. On the other hand, he will evolve beliefs of his own, his faith it which will remain unshaken, despite convincing proof to the contrary.

full of wonders to them.

Repeated excursions abroad soon curthe youngsters of these fears, which in most cases were the results of the warmings of ignorant parents to "keep off the matter of fact, the greatest harm likely to sting of a wasp'er the lite of a spider. Familiarity with rature in the tenement children did not breed contempt, but delight and interest, which cropped out fre quently in amusing and sometimes electry ormed theories. A report from an eleven year-old boy who had been studying the habits of ants contained this judicious mixture of cuticism and approval of a coony which had built its mound close to one of

w their crumbs ?

A little girl who had come to grief with

Then it wouldn't have to turn around didn't know. It night have come from when it wanted to sting you," she said. Even more feared than the bees were

common "hairy bear" esterpillar looked like the brush the street desuers use. The a clover stem was "kind o' like plush" was

of food the average of ignorance was astonishing. Most of the children who had any ideas on the subject at all believed "That's the way it stings you, and then that potatoes grew on trees. When a class

An old copper mine in Connecticut was on swell up and die." Comforting for the alarmed maiden! Mushrooms and toadstools are also objects There was only one bat factory, and that of fear. The instructress of a natural bistory class picked a small toadstool to Virginia contained a fifth of the whole

"You wouldn't catch me touchin' that

Quinine was unknown. When a man had gue fits he took Peruvian bark and whisky. "Taint lucky," was the reply. "That's

"Them things are. At night the little levilscome out of the woods and set on 'em.

"Don't talk nonsense, Conny. Who told ou such stuff as that?" Black Mary, that works over by the

clined to the view that eggs entered into ferry, told me, an' she knows all about them the composition, and a third held out that it was "lard painted yellow!" Perhaps it things. Her mother afeter know a witch was in her tenement! The mothers who This, then, was a second generation Irish came down to the home were almost as ignorant, in many cases, as their chil erstition, a remnant of bog-mystleism passed down to those who had never seen a dren on these supjects, All were eager countryside. Others of the superstitions are not so easy to trace. Why does killing to attend the cooking clauses, but the proved to be less clever at learning than an anteauserain? Why is the down rubbed from the wing of a butterfly a sign that the handthat rubbed it will soon be burned with the youngsters. These soon learned the simpler kinds of cooking, and then took up such arts as bread and cake-making. fire? Where does the good luck come in having a butterfly alight on you or when if it lights at your feet? And how in the In the archives of the Home is preserve with pride the reply of a nine-year-old cake-baker, who responded to the question name of the great god Pan does the dandewhy the oven door should never be lion tuft come to be called by the oppro-bious epithet of "money stealer" by these slammed when the baking is in progress Pecause it makes the cake sad' children of the slums? Every country boy Anyone who has ever eaten a "soggy knows, despite the scornful laughter of propriateness of the adjective.-New York cience, that if you handle a toad you will get warts like those he carries on his body. The city youngster believes this not only of toads, but frogs as well, a mistake which the youthful bumpkin would not make, for A Wilkinsburg family was discussing he knows well the advantageous qualities music yesterday when one member strove to recall the name of a certain composer of this amphibian, who is not only edible, to an expert, but also salable. But if the "I can't remember it to save my life,

country-bred one knows the disease he

doesn't know the oure, and it certainly isn't

theory that milkweed milk (all the little girls at home call it "silkweed," after hav-

ing once seen the inimitable silken glory

of the pod) is a sure specific for warts

trated to the slums.

names: Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Wagner Haydn, Handel—" The belief that it is ill-luck to kill a cricke "That's it," interrupted the forgetful one. "It's Handel. I knew it was someis a side-light of literature which has pene thing you seized with your hands."-Pitts-burg Chronicle-Teiegraph. Most of the superstitions cited above are probably the invention of the child's own

BLIND TOM STILL LIVES.

The Wonderful Black Musician in Contented Retirement.

What has become of Bind Tom?" This question is often asked by old theatergoers, who remember the days before the war, when the gifted musical idiot was the staattraction in lyceums, towa halls and lecture cooms, with which the simpler tastes of most amusement seekers of those times were satisfied. Tom was only a lad then, the slave of a

Georgia planter, and his mental weakness,

together with his blindness, served to increase the interest of those who saw are

heard this ignorant little fellow, with un

erring touch, draw from the planeforte its sweetest and most melodious strains as well as its grandest and most sole river," by which title the Atlantic Ocean The question as to Blind Tom's where abouts can be answered best by a tall, broad-shouldered, neatly dressed colored man, whose gray hair and slightless eyes rain trim to get out, together," and "lightnin' hittin' on the clouds." A five-year-old girl couldn't re-member ever having heard thunder beincrease the impressiveness of his appear ance, in a comfortable cottage at the Hightands of Navesink, on the New Jersey side of the lower New York Bay. This elderly colored man is the Blind Tom of there in ease and comfort with his guar ian, Mrs. Eliza Lerene, who was appo ten years ago by Justice Andrews of the upreme court as committee of the person and property of the musician. She then the widow of John G. Bethune, who had charge of Blind Tom for many years,

and the old man was given into her care

only after a long legal struggle with her

father-in-law, James N. Bethune. When Mrs. Bethune took charge of Ton she found that his popularity as a publi attraction had greatly wened, owing to "She's awful scared of spiders, an' she's lie many years, and that his former managers had made all the money they could she thinks the lightnin' ain't no good unout of the peculiar musical talent of the simple-minded colored man without pre-Nothing could shake little Marin's stanch serving his value as an attraction by refaith in her theory, and one day, after a storm, she was discovered triumphantly placing his worn-out repertoire with mot modern musical pieces. Tom was also get pointing out baif a dozen deceased web-spillers as proof of her claim. There was ting old and was physically worn out by the night and dr" travel consequent on one-night-stand erformances. He had been handed over to Mrs. Bethone with trouble when some of the others accused her of having killed the spiders herself and showed her fifty live ones. She became very indignant, indeed, and declared that no money and no property, personal or otherwise, out of the hundreds of thous ands of dellars which he had carned during the previous quarter of a century. So it the trees in time and got into their nests was necessary to keep him at work a white longer to provide for his future maintenance in case he became disabled by age or intensities, and also to enable him t take care of his old mother, who was still Many of the little ones were consumed with a desire to act as nids to nature. A alive in one of the Southern States and 'four-o'clock," which falled to open prompt-

looked to Tom for support.
About three years ago Mrs. Betimne, who was then Mrs. Lerobe, baving married Albrecht J. Lerche, the lawyer who had lought her legal battles in the courts, and raved enough money to warrant the temporary withdrawal of Blind Tom from the amusement world so that he might ecover his benith and at the same the familiarize himself with modern musicul sompositions.

Tom supers his long rest, after so many ears of incessant travel and work. does very little visiting among his neigh-bors, and receives few callers at his cot-He finds sufficient companionship in his plane, playing his old pieces and prothring new ones. Occasionally be attempts improvisation, but even then the imitative aguity predominates, as the notes he picks out are usually the reproductions of sounds that he has heard. His best effort in this line was a piece entitled: "What the Wind and the Waves Told Tom," in which he imitated the whistling of the wind,

the roaring of the waves, the howling storm and the crash of thunder. "Ain't disturbin' 'em. I'm helpin' 'em out When not at the plane Tom amuses himself by imitaling the small talk of women all day, so I just put my hat over their eggs and other visitors to the Lerche cottage. to give 'em a rest. They're kinder rattled He holds imaginary receptions, at which the weather, new styles in dresses and like " he added, "but they will catch on topics are discussed by the imaginary visitors, as indiated by Tom, in a way that After the eggs hatched out there was a ircle of youngsters under the tree every is very comical, but he will not do it if heads stock over the side of the nest

he knows there is any one listening to him In spite of his advanced years and his reserved, formal demennor in company, Tom s merely an overgrown child, and has to be carefully watched by a male nume, specirily bired for that purpose. He has all the selfishness of a spoiled child, and is for each facet of the eye. The camera icalous of any attention paid to any one else in his presence. He has little natural ffection, and cares only for those who minthat his mother should be taken care of out of the money he has carned, but he does not wish to have her or his brother and sisters near him, for fear that they may annoy him or prevent his being the s

object of the attentions of those around him. With the exception of this chibilities selfishness. Blind Tom is extremely moral and religious in his babits and disp He never eats without first offering prayer, and on Sundays will play only church music on his piano. He will have nothing to do with any one who drinks liquor, and will quickly order from the room any person who uses profane or improper anguage in his presence. He is usually very polife, but cannot abide a bore, and then a member of the long-winded frater nity tries to make him a victim of his talk. the big blind man brings his termentor up with a round turn by saving very ab-

ruptly: "Well, now, you have talked long enough. Good-bye!" It was only after the conclusion of Mrs. Lerche's long legal contest that mother and son were together again for the first time since Tom's infancy, but after the novelty of their remion had wern away it was evident that their tastes and temperaments were so utterly at variance that there was little likelihood of their living happily together. Fate had kept them apart to long. Tom's clouded mind could not realize what his mother had suffered during their long separation. Fourscore years of life had made her a withered-up, irritable old woman, set in her ways, and not at all reconciled to the fact that she found the baby for whom she had mounted s many years turned into a prematurely old man, fixed in his by its, and struggers lacking in the natural affection be should have for her. So Charity Wiggins went back to her old home in Georgia to live with her other children, whose ways she under stands. -New York Sun.

Long, Hale and Hilborn. When I was a pupil at Hebron Acad-

emy, over forty years ago," said Judge Hubern, of California, at the McKay disper recently, "there were two boys in the academy to whom I was especially attracted. One came from Turner. He was a bright. spirited little fellow, the best scholar in his classes, very quick to learn, and the sort of boy that everybody said would amount to something by-and-by. His name was 'Gene Hale. The other came from Buckfield, and was a year or two younger, a little chubby chap, whom everybodyliked. Wenilcalled him Johnnie Long. He was the marvel of the school in Latin. He had read Virgit through, and knew a great deal of it by heart. He was a wonder, too, in Latin grammar. Afterwe left school I went West and lost sight of them Now I am here, a member of the Naval Committee in the House, 'Gene Hale is at the head of the Naval Committee in the Senate, and 'Johnnie' Long is Secre tary of the Navy."-New York Tribune.

Try Patagonia.

(From the Chicago Times-Herald.) A Boston man has advertised for a place to board "where they don't have bloycle talk for breakfast, dinner, supper and bemeals." That fellow must be a crank or he wouldn't lead a hopeless chase

NEW WAY TO PHOTOGRAPH

Dr. Allen Utilizes the Strangest Lens Ever Used.

SOME MARVELOUS RESULTS

The Picture Shows That the Eve of a Beetle Reflects Any Object Several Hundred Times-How It May Be and Has Been Used-Mr. W. M. Stine's Letter.

The marvelous feat of taking a photograph through a lens composed of a heetle's eye is the achievement of which Dr. G. F. Allen, of Amera, Ill., can boast. The reis that a separate outline of the image at which the camera was di-rected is seen on every one or the hundreds of facets which are part and parcel us all.

This is the first instance where anything of the sort has been accomplished. Here tofore there has been any quantity of theory, but a great lack of practice. Now we have the practice in that most con-vincing offorms, a photograph. It all came about through a curious statement made 35 a meeting of the British Scientific Association, at which Mr. W. M. Stine, of the Arthour Institute, of Chicago, called atten-tion to a very curious and interesting lantern slide in his possession. During a de-cussion of the properties of the Roentgen rays a leading scientist suggested that as certain insects had eyes seemingly un-

adapted to see by ordinary sonlight they might visualize by means of the x-rays. Now, it was held by a number of the savants in attendance at the as meeting that the x-ray could hardly be warm did the discussion become that it was finally decided to make a genuine test with the eye of a chosen insect, and it is the result of this decision that proves one of the most interesting feate rer accomplished by means of that great gid to science, the camera.

Or Alien, of Aurora, Ill., is one of the few non of scientific mind who have taken special interest in the wonders that the art of photography can be made to reveal. So be chose the eye of a brette to demon strate to the antisfaction of everyone that the x-ray was no aid to visualization what ever. The result of his experiment proves conclusively that he was right, and that the eminent gentlemen who favored the x-ray theory were as far from the truth s was preacher Jasper when he insisted

It is a curious study that this photograph fays open to the laymen of science. We all know that the bestle has the curous projecting eye, very similar to the sort one semetimes sees in man binself. The eye'ls large and round, or almost so. It can inselly be called a perfect sphere, for it is slightly convex in shape. The accompanying picture shows really one-nail of the eye of the beefle. Such insects have eyes called compound, formed not of one eas, but of several hundred, set side by side, like collete a honeycomb. How does the world appear through such eyes, is a

query of unusual interest. Writing of this photograph, Mr. W. M. Alien's picture of the insect's sight world,

To the Editor. "To make it, Br. Allen took the corners of the eye of a beetle chydrophilus picew and employed it in place of the usual photo graphic lens of the entern used for making photographs of microscopic objects. A silground glass and a lamp placed behind t. A photographic dry plate was exposed to the light coming through the beetle's eye from the allisout te and developed in the

usual monner. "As can be seen, the resulting multigraph was circular, and contained several numbered images of the profile, one indeed used for taking a large number of smultanecosphotographs and objects is the physical mals with the single adjustable lens is that of a single focus or snapshot camera to the dinary form, in which the focus is ad-

"It seems reasonably clear that insects form their judgments of distance from such nultiple images, depending upon the power of each facet to refract light rays. The nearer the object, the greater would be searencovered by the images on the retina. It is scarcely conceivable that rays not ble of refruction or of being focused, which is the case with the x-rays, can by imple studow effects enable a judgment to be formed on the distance of an

"W. M. STINE" It is impossible to concurve from the picture that is printed in a newspaper an ab-solutely correctides of the wonderful clearess with which the different facets of the beetle's eye cause to be placed upon the plate the image which they reflect. more times, in every instance it is clear and perfect. Very fine and delicate are the lines, to be sure, and the fentures are only distinguishable clearly by the aid of a microscope, but nothing is omitted, and the wonderful handiwork of nature has never been more clearly shown than when this eye, with artificial stimulus, carries

out the part for which it was cre it so happens that in this instance, as stated, a silhouette was used instead of the ordinary photograph. It will be obcompanying libestration shows. Other and strated the truth of the statement as to the accurate reproduction of every lineament of the human face. To guin an adequate idea of exactly what a photograph through the multiple facets of a eye acromplishes, look carefully into the eye of some person who is close to and look ing steadfastly at you. You will see reface, clear and distinct, with not a vestige of a line missing. Now, this is just what imppens when the beesle looks at you, only cour eyes are reflected several hundred

Dr. Alten, shows. It is one of the most remarkable combinations of different tranches of science that the world has yet

A Real Artist.

"It makes me tired sometimes when I bear some smart Aleck, who couldn't tell the difference between art and a side of tions," remarked a local black and white "The public doesn't understand what

handicaps are continually thrown about our work," he continued "A few days before election I was given instructions to make a portrait of one of the candidates He gave me an old Daguerreo type, made just after the war, and sandhe had had no photograph taken since then "Well, I made his picture all right, but

order to do it I first had to cut off a full beard and curl his mustache. gave him a hair-cut, parted his buir on the other side, gave him a stand-up collar and a modern cravat, and added thirty years' worth of wrinkles to his face. And yet they say such work isn't art "-Chicago